SPLENDID OUTLOOK FOR CROPS IN **WESTERN CANADA**

RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE GRAIN FIELDS SHOW THAT THE PROSPECTS ARE GOOD.

This is the time of year when considerable anxiety is felt in all the northern agricultural districts as to the probable outcome of the growing crops. Central Canada, comprising the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with their 16,000,000 acres of wheat, oats, barley and flax, of which 6,000,000 acres may be said to be sown to wheat alone, has become a great factor in the grain markets of the world. Besides this, government returns show that every state in the Union has representatives in these provinces, and naturally the friends of these representatives are anxious to hear of their success. It has never been said of that country that it is absolutely faultless. There are, and have been, districts that have experienced the vagaries of the weather, the same as in districts south of the boundary line between the two countries, but these are only such as are to be expected in any agricultural country. The past has proven that the agricultural possibilities of this portion of Canada are probably more attractive in every way than most countries where grain raising is the chief industry. The present year promises to be even better than past years, and in a month or six weeks it is felt there will be produced the evidence that warrants the enthusiasm of the present. Then these great broad acres will have the ripened wheat, oats, barley and flax, and the farmer, who has been looking forward to making his last payment on his big farm will be satisfied. At the time of writing, all crops give the promise of reaching the most sanguine expectations. In the central portion of Alberta,

it is said that crop conditions are more favorable than in any previous year. Heavy rains recently visited this part, and the whole of this grain growing section has been covered. Reports like the following come from all parts:

"Splendid heavy rain yesterday. Crops forging ahead. Great prospects. All grains more than a week shead of last year. Weather warm last week. Good rains last night."

From southern Alberta the reports to hand indicate sufficient rain. Crops in excellent condition. Labor scarce. Throughout Saskatchewan all grains

are looking well, and there has been sufficient rain to carry them through to harvest.

From all portions of Manitoba there comes an assurance of an abundant yield of all grains. Throughout southern Manitoba, where rain was needed a few weeks ago, there has lately been abundant precipitation, and that portion of the province will in all probability have a crop to equal the best anticipations. A large quantity of grain was sown on the stubble in the newer west, which is never a satisfactory method of farming, and may reduce the general average.

Taken altogether, the country is now fully two weeks in advance of last year, and in all grains the acreages sown are much larger than in 1911. This means that with auspicious weather the west will have the grandest harvest in its history. Two hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat has been mentioned as an estimate of the present growing crop. and it looks now as if that guess will be none too large.

When He Can't Be Overlooked. Somehow or other we never take much notice of the coming man till he gets there.

The Cheerful Color. Gabe-Do you ever get the blues? Steve-Not if I have the long green.

People who are thrifty are apt to get a reputation for being stingy.

Sioux City Directory "Hub of the Northwest."

GOING TO BUILD?

THE LYTLE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, Sieuz City, lows can help you. Store buildings, churches, school houses and large residences erected everywhere.

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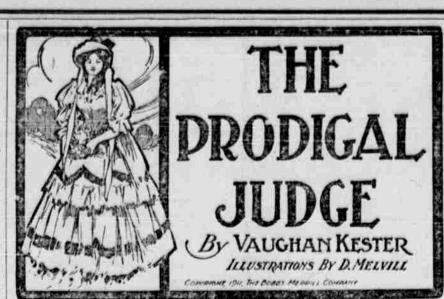
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ly disappointed when the planter

manifested a disposition to play the

host and returned to the house with

them, where his presence was such

a hardship that Norton shortly took

Issuing from the lane he turned his

face in the direction of home. He

was within two miles of Thicket Point

when, passing a turn in the road, he

by the bit. Norton had not even a

"We want your word that you'll

"Well, you won't get it!" respond-

In the same instant one of the men

raised his fist and struck the young

"You cur!" cried Norton, as he

It was mid-afternoon of the day fol-

lowing before Betty heard of the at-

tack on Norton. She ordered her

the river road with a groom in her

wake. Betty never drew rein until

she reached Thicket Point. As she

galloped into the yard Bruce Carring-

"How is Mr. Norton?" she asked,

"The doctor says he'll be up and

about inside of a week. If you'll wait

Carrington passed on into the

"Betty?-bless her dear heart!"

cried Charley weakly. "Just toss my

clothes into the closet and draw up

a chair. . . There-thank you,

Bruce-let her come along in now."

And as Carrington quitted the room,

Norton drew himself up on the pil-

lows and faced the door. "This is

worth several beatings, Betty!" he

He bent to kiss the hand she gave

"What-tears?" and he was much

"It's a perfect outrage!" Betty

"Can't you be happy without me?"

"No use in my making any such

foolish effort, I'd be doomed to fail-

"Good-by, Charley-1 really must

He looked up yearningly into her

face, and yielding to a sudden im-

pulse, she stooped and kissed him on

the forehead, then she fled from the

CHAPTER XV.

At the Church Door.

"You were over to see Norton,

weren't you, Bet? How did you find

"The doctor says he will soon be

"Betty, I wish you wouldn't go

there again-that's a good giri!" he

said tactfully, and as he conceived it.

affectionately. Betty gianced up

"Why, Tom, why shouldn't 1

"It might set people gossiping. I

reckon there's been pretty near

enough talk about you and Charley

Norton." The planter's tone was con-

risk a break by any open show of

"You needn't distress yourself, Tom.

I don't know that I shall go there

At Thicket Point Charley Norton.

found him reading by the open win-

settled; she's going to marry me!

risks now, you have too much to live

Carrington held out his hand

Can't you wish me joy?"

"Look here, Bruce!" he cried. "it's

"You are not going to take any

again," said Betty indifferently.

Tom found Betty at supper.

him?"

quickly.

authority.

dow.

about again."

him, but groaned with the exertion.

Inen he looked up into her face and

saw her eyes swimming with tears.

paused irresolutely. "Charley-"

"But you don't try to be!"

"Yes, dear?"

exclaimed as she appeared.

house. He entered the room where

"Miss Mairoy is here," he said.

ton came from the house.

I'll tell him you are here."

extending her hand.

Norton lay

"Damn him-let him have it!"

. . . .

keep away from Belle Plain."

planter in the back of the neck.

his leave.

riding-whip.

ed Norton.

me?" he asked.

wheeled on him.

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is leid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The piace is to be sold, and its listory and that of the owners, the Guintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yaney, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hasurd, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yaney tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yaney to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, any sans and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by DavesBlount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yaney overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yanny appears before Squire Salaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Mairoy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail, Hannibal arrives at the home of Judgo Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks fail, Betty and Carrington arrive in Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrive in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamiess sieep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up lanter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him.

(CHAPTER XIV-(Continued). The stranger, his business conclud-

ed, swung about on his heel and quitted the office. Mr. Saul, bending above his desk was making an entry in one of his ledgers. The judge shuffled to his side.

"Who was that man?" he asked thickly, resting a shaking hand on the clerk's arm. That?-Oh, that was Colonet Fen-

tress I was just telling you about." "Has he always lived here?" "No; he came into the county about ten years ago, and bought a place

called The Oaks." "Has he-a family?" The judge appeared to be having difficulty with his speech.

"Not that anybody knows of. Some say he's a widower, others again say he's an old bachelor; but he don't say nothing. The colonel's got his friends, to be sure, but he don't mix much with the real quality. One of his particular intimates is a gentieman by the name of Murrell."

The judge nodded. "I've met him," he said Acting on a sudden impulse, the judge muttered something about returning later, and hastily quitted the

office. In the hall the judge's steps dragged and his head was bowed. He was busy with his memories. Then pas-

ston shook him.

"Damn him-may God-for ever damn him!" he cried under his breath, in a flerce whisper.

They finished supper, the dishes were cleared away and the candles lighted, when the judge produced a mysterious leather-covered case. This he opened, and Mahaffy and Hannibai saw that it held a handsome pair of dueling pistols.

"Where did you get 'em, judge?-Oh, ain't they beautiful!" cried Hannibal, circling about the table in his excitement. "My dear lad, they were purchased

only a few hours ago," said the judge quietly, as he began to load them.

Norton had ridden down to Belle Piain ostensibly to view certain of there?" those improvements that went so far toward embittering Tom Ware's existence.

"Do you think Belle Plain is ever going to look as it did, Charley?-as ciliatory in the extreme, he dared not we remember it when we were children?" asked Betty.

Why of course, it is, dear, you are doing wonders!"

Ware stalked toward them. Having dined with Betty as recently as the day before, he contented himself with a nod in her direction. His greatly excited, hobbied into the ligreeting to Norton was a more am- brary in search of Carrington. He bitlous undertaking.

"I understand you've a new over-"Then you understand wrong-Carrington's my guest," said Norton. "He's talking of putting in a crop for

himself next season, so he's willing to help me make mine."

"Going to turn farmer, is he?" sked Ware.

of Bull, Caused Young Farm-

er's Haste.

visitors from the city. Last summer

three ladies from Boston bired an

abandoned farmhouse in northern

dairying. One warm August day they

to a farmhouse three miles' distant.

in quest of a two weeks' supply of

On learning that they had come

With some misgivings on the part

the women, the little procession

butter.

tome with you."

for," he said haitingly. "No, I'm to keep away from Belle who seemed to grope strangely among "So he says " Norton was extreme- Plain," said Norton happily. "She in- the graves. He had fallen now. Even

Chief Event of the Day Passing of the Milk Train, Not Charge started back under the guidance of the shadowed tents, a bath, breakfast, covered that the plays of Shakethe butter. All went well till they in the swift dusk of evening, when fur-

of public interest quite astonishing to a run toward higher ground. Thinking that they understood the occasion of his activity, they needed no urging to follow him. On and on New England, in a region devoted to they sped, throwing away their butter as an impediment to their speed. walked through the rocky pastures Finally, bathed in perspiration and gasping for breath, they sank exhausted on a rocky ledge whither

their guide had led them. Standing just above, he waved his through the fields, the farmer's wife arm in a dramatic gesture toward the exclaimed: "Why, you can't bo back valley below, where a freight train that way alone! Our bull's out there could be seen crawling slowly out in the back lot, and only day 'fore from between a cleft in the hills, and vist'day he treed my son-in-law on a shouted: "There she goes—the milk

stun for two hours. I'll have him go train!"-Youth's Companion. An Indian Day.

in the dew-bespangled sunrise, while | ington Herald.

the young man, the ladies carrying and the day's occupations; then again, speare contain 106,007 lines and 814, had gone about a quarter of a mile, tive jackals rent the twilight stillness play, with 3,930 lines, and the "Com-In rural New England the passing when the escort suddenly called, ex- with walling and demoniac laughter, edy of Errors" the shortest, with 1,777 of a railway train is still a matter citedly: "Come on!" and started on or the silver bark of little foxes lines. Altogether the plays contains echoed over the mist-veiled rice-fields, 1.277 characters, of which 157 are fewhite under the moon, we gathered in | males. comfortable deck chairs in a great, dim aisle of the mango grove, while the tents shone orange in the lamp part with the longest word in it is light, to tell sad stories of the deaths of kinds, or listen to the Police Chota Lost," who tells Moth that he is "not Sahib, who had a pretty, sentimental so long by the head as honorificabilitenor, singing "The Long Indian tudinitatibus."

oaks when from the slient depths of |

the denser woods came the sharp re-

port of a rifle. The shock of the bul-

let sent the young fellow staggering

back among the mossy and myrtle-

the air was caressingly cool, we went !

forth to ride along the river bank

covered graves.

Too Busy to Be Interrupted. "Why didn't you notify Mrs. Wombot that her house was on fire?"

Some Shakespeare Statistics. A Shakespearean enthusiast with and beside fields of yellow mustard or much leisure time on his hands and dun stubble; then, on our return to a regular mania for statistics has dis-780 words. "Hamlet" is the longest

became thoughtful. "Solomon, I am

thinking of offering a reward for any

information that will lead to the dis

covery of my anonymous correspond-

been seething in his brain all day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ent," he at length observed with a

"Charley-Charley!" She Moaned.

For a moment no one grasped what finely casual air, as if the idea had

had happened, only there was Norton just occurred to him, and had not

The longest part is that of Hamlet. who has 11,610 words to deliver. The that of Costard in "Love's Labor's

Day."-Charles Johnston, in the At-Albastross Given to Museum. A fine specimen of the wandering albatross, caught on the Pacific coast, has been presented to the national history department of Golden Gate Well, I went over there for that pur- Park Memorial museum by J. B. Wilpose. But she's a rather keen bridge liams of San Francisco. It stands player, and I couldn't get an oppor- five feet in height from back to tail. tunity to interrupt the game."-Wash- and the distance from tip to tip of its wings measures nice took

that Betty was coming swiitly towar

difficulty. "Charley-Charley-" she moaned. slipping her arms about him and ton, with face averted, looked from

He looked up into her face. "It's all over-" he said, but as much in wonder as in fear. "But i knew you could come to me-dearhe added in a whisper.

him. He did not speak again.

Steve balancing himself first on one foot and then on the other near the The long French windows, their curtains drawn, stood open. She wandered down to the terrace. There was the sound of a slep on the path. Betty turned. It was Carrington who stood before her, his face haggard, Without a word he stepped to her Betts, the sheriff, and his deputies. side and took her hands rather rough-

"What am I to do without you?"his voice was almost a whisper. "What is this thing you have done?" Betty's heart was beating with dull

sickening throbs. found himself confronted by three "If you had only come!" she men. One of them seized his horse moaned. "Now I am going to be married tomorrow. I am to meet him at the Spring Bank church at ten "Now, what do you wish to say to o'clock.

married: it's her wish-"

sked, still haltingly.

'Very soon."

the window.

I am goi

belong."

"It's to be soon, then?" Carrington

There was a brief stlence. Carring-

"I am going to stay here as long as

you need me," he presently said.

"Miss Mairoy asked me to, and then

Betty ate supper with big Steve

standing behind her chair and little

back to the river, where I

"How can I give you up?" he said, his voice hourse with emotion. He put her from him almost roughly, and leaning against the trunk of a tree buried his face in his hands. Betty watched him for a moment in wretched silence.

"It's good-by-" he muttered. She went to him, and, as he bent above her, slipped her arms about his

neck. "Kiss me-" she breathed. He kissed her hair, her soft cheek,

then their lips met. horse saddled and was soon out on Another hot September sun was beating upon the earth as Betty galloped down the lane and swung her horse's head in the direction of kaleigh. She would keep her promise to Charley and he should never know what his happiness had cost her. Norton joined her before she had covered a third of the distance that

> separated the two plantations. "We are to go to the church. Mi Bowen will be there; I arranged with him last night; be will drive over with his wife and daughter, who will be our witnesses, dear."

Afterward Betty could remember standing before the church in the flerce morning light; she heard Mr. voice, she heard another voice-her own, though she scarcely recognized temporary interest.

"I'll tie the horses, Betty," said Norton. He had reached the edge of the are suffering for a sight of it?"

E & - 71

sists on that. Everything is to be as the shadows deepened he ... kept a secret until we are actually

"I'm shot-" he said, speaking with

turn came he inquired briefly: "Have gathering him to her breast. you got 'Twenty Thousand Legs Under the sea?" tle snappily, for she was tired, "I'm thankful to say I've only got two.

She felt a shudder pass through

CHAPTER XVI.

The Judge Offers a Reward. The news of Charley Norton's murder spread quickly over the county. For two or three days bands of armed men scoured the woods and roads, and then this activity quite unproductive of any tangible results ceased, matters were allowed to rest with the constituted authorities, namely Mr.

No private citizen had shown greater zeal than Judge Slocum Price. One morning he found under his door a folded paper:

"You talk too much. Shut up, or you'll go where Norton went." A few moments later he burst in

on Mr. Saul. "Glance at that, my friend!" he cried, as he tossed the paper on the clerk's desk. "What do you make of it, sir?"

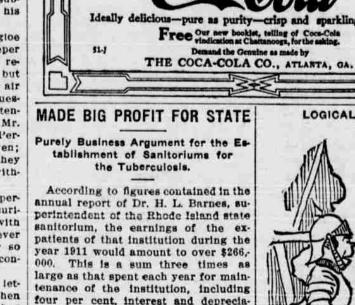
"Well, I'd keep still." The judge laughed derisively as he

bowed himself out. He established himself in his office. He had scarcely done so when Mr. Betts knocked at the door. The sheriff came direct from Mr. Saul and arrived out of breath, but the letter was not mentioned by the judge. He spoke of the crops, the chance of rain, and the intricacles of county politics. The sheriff withdrew mystifled, wondering why it was he had not felt at liberty to broach the subject which was uppermost in his mind

His place was taken by Mr. Pegloe and on the heels of the tavern-keeper came Mr. Bowen. Judge Price received them with condescension but back of the condescension was an air of reserve that did not invite questions. The judge discussed the extension of the national roads with Mr Pegice, and the religion of the Persian fire-worshipers with Mr. Bowen; he permited never a pause and they retired as the sheriff had done without sight of the letter.

The judge's office became a perfect Mecca for the idle and the curious and while he overflowed with high-bred courtesy he had never Bowen's voice, she heard Charley's seemed so unapproachable—never so remote from matters of local and con-

"Why don't you show 'em the letter?" demanded Mr. Mahaffy, when they were alone. "Can't you see they



Two Enough for Her.

eager face and he was waiting at the

end of the line of eight or ten per-

sons for a chance to make his wants

known to the librarian. When his

"No," responded the librarian a li

Persuasion.

"What made Mr. Chuggins buy an

"His wife persuaded him by calling

his attention to the economy of hav-

ing gasoline on hand to clean gloves

The Writer Who Does Most.

gives his reader the most knowledge

and takes from him the least time .-

A girl may not marry the best man

at her own wedding, but she should

try to make the best of the man she

That writer does the most who

They're not under the sea!"

with."-Washington Star.

automobile?"

C. C. Colton.

marries.

He was a small boy with a dark,

tion charges. The actual earnings in 1911 of 170 ex-patients were obtained by Dr. Barnes. These ranged from \$2 to \$31 per week, the total earnings for the year amounting to \$102.752. On this basis, Dr. Barnes computes the figures above given. He says, however: "While institutions for the cure of tuberculosis are good investments, there is good reason for thinking that institutions for the isolation of faradvances cases would be still better investments.

Out of a total of 46,450 hospital days' treatment given, 39,147, or 84 per cent., were free, the treatment costing the state on an average \$200 per patient. Out of 188 free cases investigated, 56 had no families and no income on admission to the sanitorium. Out of 132 patients having homes, the number in the family averaged 5.2, and the average family earn ings were \$5.46. In 59 cases the families had no income, and in only five cases were there any savings, none of which amounted to as much as \$100.

Too Eager. Fred Poyner, a Chicago dentist, was recently at a banquet given by the Dental association.

He said: "On on side is the right of things and on the other is wrong; sometimes the difference between the two is slight. As the following story shows: A gypsy upon release from jail met a friend. What were you in for?' asked the friend. "I found a horse,' the gypsy re-

"'Found a horse? Nonsense! They would never put you in jail for finding a horse. "'Well, but you see I found him before the owner lost him."

Excellent Plan. "I see," said Mrs. De Jones, while Mrs. Van Tyle was calling "that you have a Chinese chauffeur. Do you find him satisfactory?"

"He's perfectly fine," said Mrs. Van Tyle. "To begin with, his yellow complexion is such that at the end of a long, dusty ride he doesn't show any spots, and then when I am out in my limousine I have his pigtail stuck through a little hole in the plate glass window and I use it as a sort of bell rope to tell him where to stop."-Harper's Weekly.

Height of Selfishness. Some men are so selfish that if they were living in a haunted house they wouldn't be willing to give up ghost.-Florida Times Union.

Old friends are best, but many a woman deludes herself with the idea that she is too young to have any old friends.

And furnish him strength for the fray. His rivals have wondered and marvelled

To see him so much on the job, Not knowing his strength and endurance . Is due to the corn in TY COBB.

Written by J. P. MAGER.

One of the 80 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Oreck, Mich., paid \$1000.00 in Kay.



COR Luncheon—or picnic

sandwiches, nothing equals

Or, serve it cold with crisp new lettuce It is a tasty treat and economical as well

At All Grocers

he Road to Comfort

A vanished thirst-a cool body and a refreshed one; the

sure way—the only way is via a glass or bottle of

Libby, McNeill & Libby

Veal Loat

three to go on first. Sure, af' how The Middle-Aged Woman.

Of the many ways in which the middle-aged woman may vary the effect of her afternoon gowns none is sim-

pler than the use of a collar and cuffs of white voile edged with scalloping and embroidery in a floral design. Another change may be the frock set of white chiffon with border of black malines, and still another is the one of black net hemstitched with silver thread. Some of these collars are so long in front that they terminate only at the waist line, where they cross in surplice effect and are tucked away under the girdle. An excellent model of this sort is of light blue lawn embroidered with black dots, and a second is of white agaric trimmed with tiny folds of broadcloth, alternating with eponge.

A Lottery. "Is that picture one of the old masters you were telling me about?"

asked Mr. Cumrox. "Yes," replied the art dealer. "It is genuine treasure; absolutely authen-

"I'll buy it. I already have three just like ft, and somewhere in the bunch I'm liable to hit the original."

Laying a Foundation. Little Bobyb (the guest)-Mrs. Skimper, when I heard we were goin' to have dinner at your house I started right in trainin' fer it. Mrs. Skimper (the hostess)-By sav-

ing up your appetite, Bobby? Little Bobby-No'm. By eatin' square meal first. Let's Be Thankful for That.

At any rate a woman's shoes haven't yet reached the point where they button up the back.

Many a girl strives to make a name for herself rather than attempt to make a loaf of bread.

People who live in clean houses shouldn't throw mud.

Old Michigan's wonderful batter Eats Toasties, 'tis said, once a day, For he knows they are healthful and wholesome